Duke. Bring forth the ſtockes ho?
You ſtubburne miſcreant knaue, you reuerent bragart,
Weele teach you.

Kent. I am too old to learne, call not your ſtockes for me,
I ſerue the King, on whoſe imployments I was ſent to you,
You ſhould doe ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the Grace and perſon of my maiſter,
Stopping his meſſenger.

Duke. Fetch forth the ſtockes? as I haue life and honour,
There ſhall he ſit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dogge, you could not vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir being his knaue, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the ſelfe ſame nature,
Our ſiſter ſpeake of, come bring away the ſtockes?

Gloſt. Let me beſeech your Grace not to doe ſo,
His fault is much, and the good King his maiſter
VVill check him for't, your purpoſt low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt wretches for pilfrings
And moſt common treſpaſſes are puniſht with,
The King muſt take it ill, that hee's ſo ſlightly valued
In his meſſenger, ſhould haue him thus reſtrained.

Duke. Ile anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receiue it much more worſe,
To haue her Gentlemen abus'd, aſſalted
For following her affaires, put in his legges,
Come my good Lord away?

Gloſt. I am ſory for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
VVhoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
VVill not be rubd nor ſtopt, ile intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray you doe not ſir, I haue watcht and trauaild
Sometime I ſhal ſleepe out, the reſt ile whiſtle, (hard,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Giue you good morrow.

Gloſt. The Dukes to blame in this, twill be ill tooke.

Kent. Good King that muſt approue the cõmon ſaw,
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt

To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou beacon to this vnder gloabe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſerie, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
VVho hath moſt fortunately bin informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time
From this enormious ſtate, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies, all wearie and ouerwatch
Take vantage heauie eyes not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging, Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele. *ſleepes.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happie hollow of a tree
Eſcapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vigilence
Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape,
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neare to beaſt, my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loynes, elſe all my haire with knots,
And with preſented nakednes outface,
The wind, and perſecution of the skie,
The Countrie giues me proofe and preſident
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roring voyces,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare armes,
Pins, wodden prickes, nayles, ſprigs of roſemary,
And with this horrible obiect from low ſeruice,
Poore pelting villages, ſheep-coates, and milles,
Sometime with lunaticke bans, ſometime with prayers
Enforce their charitie, poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit*

Enter King.

Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from (hence,
And not ſend backe my meſſenger.

Knight. As I learn'd, the night before there was

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